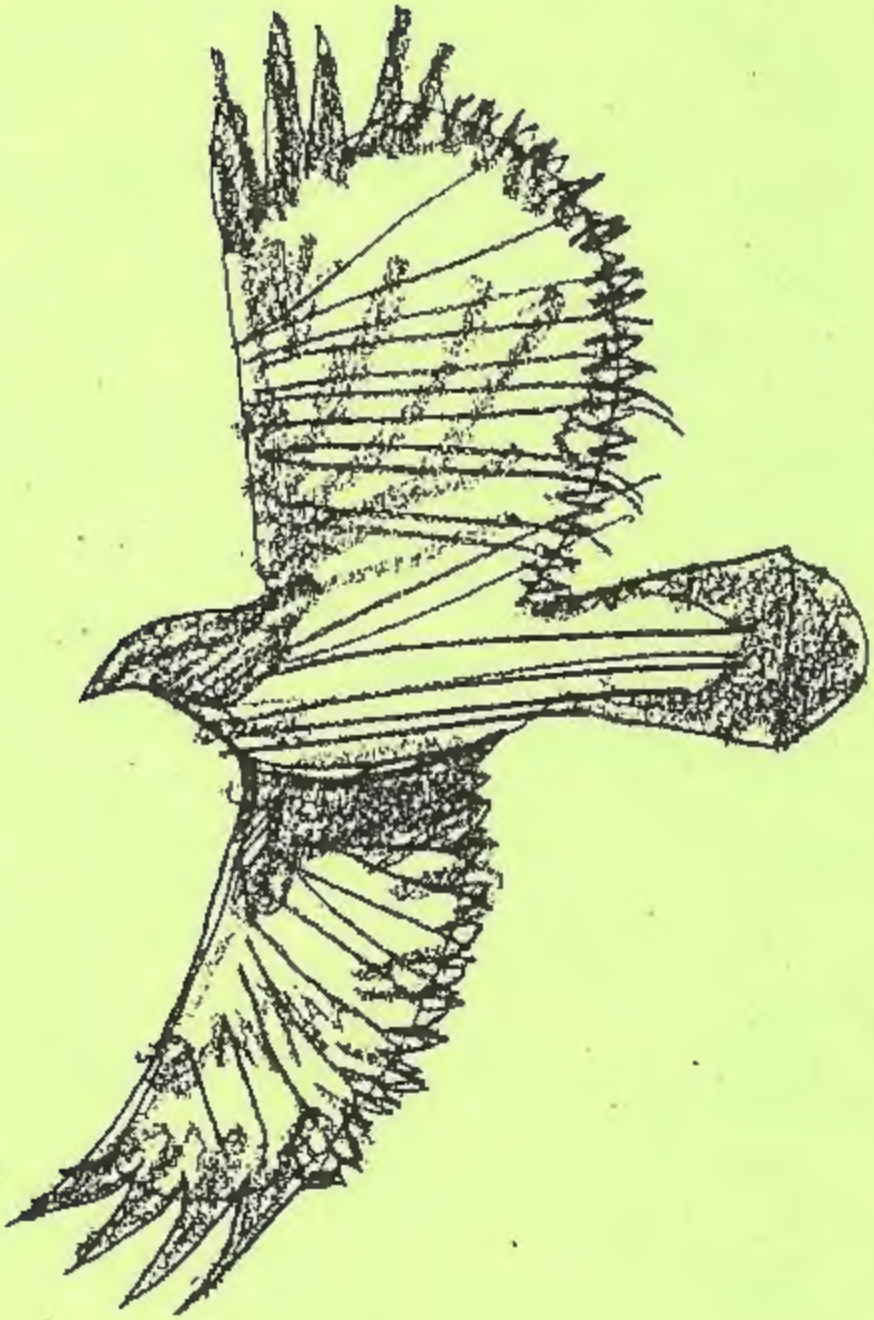
MONOGAMY

My childhood years
were spent on a small farm
tucked between evergreen covered hills
in the wet and wild State of Washington.
The red-tailed hawks used to circle above
our field, gliding through the breeze with
a dangerous beauty.



Occasionally I would see these elegant
birds of prey go into a rapid dive bomb
and pounce on some hapless creature
who was lower on the food chain.
What patience they must have to circle
for so long. What keen vision to enable
them to spot a mouse from 100 feet away.

Sometimes the hawks would be set upon
by a gang of noisy, flapping crows.
But the red-tails would just continue to
glide, seemingly unmoved by the screechy
scavengers, staying above the fray.

"Those hawks mate for life, you know." And now I've been married for almost 20 years, and I think of the hawks and of what an exciting and romantic model they are of monogamy. The patience, the vision, the grace, such parallels.

Then I remembered ducks also mate for life. Yes, ducks. Those birds with the big butts that make a comical quack, eat slugs, and get shot at. Ducks.

Copyright © 2001, Steve Willis 1stDangerRoomReprintEd.
Copyright2005SteveWillis